

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1922.
Roddy Thomas is one of the best-posted authorities on amateur athletics in Washington. Readers of The Times sport section cannot go wrong by keeping abreast of the field through his daily contributions.

SANDLOT LEADERS PLAY LAST GAMES TOMORROW BEFORE GRAND FINALE

WASHINGTON TIMES SPORTS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1922.
Tad's "Tid-Bits" and "Indoor and Outdoor Sports" are the cleverest presentation of current thought in the world of fun and sports. His humor is clean and scintillating and his word is law in sporting matters.

CRACK SANDLOT ELEVENS GUARD FOR SURPRISE IN BIG CONTESTS

By R. D. THOMAS.

Tomorrow's football program for Washington sandlots will be featured by contests in which the Mohawk and Mercury teams will attempt to vanquish their final foes before coming together in their grand smash on December 8.

At Union Park, starting at 2:30 p. m., the Mohawks will battle the Knickerbockers, who have remained unbeaten this year.

At Washington Barracks, Mercury will take on the fleet Quincy team, which has been trimmed a couple of times but not overwhelmingly.

Neither Mercury nor Mohawk is taking a chance in tomorrow's contests. They will be prepared to throw their full strength against the enemy to guard against surprise.

Both teams are demanding eligibility lists of the opposition and offering the same themselves. Ringers are thoroughly taboo.

The fans will have an opportunity to see the Indians in all their fierceness. They are hungry for touchdowns.

Vincent Martino, wrestler, boxer, swimmer and last but not least, football player, of Georgetown University, is ambitious to win success in the coaching field and to that end is bending his efforts to make the Mercury eleven his masterpiece.

Martino is a substitute end on the Georgetown varsity team now. At various times, though, he has been a halfback and quarterback.

Incidentally, he is one of the toughest men physically on the Hilltop, and is paying special attention to the conditioning of his sandlot charges.

From 5 o'clock to 7:30 every night Martino works the Mercury players until their tongues hang out. Scrimmaging constitutes only a part of the evening routine.

After their work on the field, Martino trots the gang in for a shower. Then follows some stiff setting up exercises in the barracks gym and a blackboard talk.

The Mohawks, under Harry Harris, are working hard, too. For a time the Indians were practicing in their spacious hall at 516 Eighth street southeast.

Playing football on a gymnasium floor and playing football on a regulation gridiron are not exactly the same, the Mohawks find, and now they practice on the field. The effects of their gym "scrimmage" showed up in a game.

Fans out Seat Pleasant way are interested in a game between Seat Pleasant's new 145-pound team and the Thompson's Sherwood outfit, to be played tomorrow on Seat Pleasant's splendid field.

Sherwood led last Sunday and is fretting for action. Charley Guyon is progressing in his effort to rebuild Seat Pleasant's eleven and each succeeding game is watched for results.

An attraction in the 145-pound class is the game between the York and Kanawha teams, scheduled for Monument lot gridiron No. 2, at 1:30 o'clock tomorrow.

York has come up suddenly and promises to give the strong Kanawha team a real struggle.

Large crowds have been watching sandlot games on the Monument lot. They appear to become larger with each passing Sunday.

Fans from all over Washington follow their neighborhood teams to the popular playing fields in Potomac park.

What was to have been an important contest in the 145-pound class between St. Teresa and Stanton has been called off. The teams were unable to agree on a playing field.

Two quarters take turns at Virginia.

Foster and McCoy Both Likely to Get Chance Against North Carolina.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Nov. 25.—Two quarterbacks are being used to general the Virginia team, each of them taking a hand at running the team during the games and alternating in charge of the first and second varsity elevens during practice periods. And both these men, Foster and McCoy, will probably have a try at driving the team through to victory over North Carolina next Thursday.

All of the five quarterbacks on the Orange and Blue squad are comparatively inexperienced men. Foster made his letter on the 1921 eleven when he helped Carrington and Witt and he had a year's edge on McCoy, Cameron, Kammer and Fly. Cameron and Kammer have been in regular games for only a few minutes and has yet to get into actual combat.

McCoy usually starts the game for Virginia, being replaced by Foster after the game has progressed a quarter or two. While McCoy can pass as well as the average quarterback it is Foster who can throw the ball as accurately as many a man can deliver a baseball. Foster is perhaps a better runner, though the Virginia quarterbacks carry the ball frequently.

Gridders Play Today.

The unbeaten Cherrydale eleven will play the Junior A. C. today at 2:30 p. m. on Monument lot gridiron No. 1.

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Outdoor Sports

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By TAD



Joe Choynski Just Failed to Earn Big Title

A WORD ABOUT JOE CHOYNSKI.

"I never could warm up to my work until I was hit once or twice, but tonight somehow or other I was hit and stayed iced." Joe Choynski spoke those words to the writer in his dressing room at Philadelphia one night way back in 1904, just after he had finished a six-round fight with a fellow named Williams.

It was Joe's last appearance in the ring. He decided that night to fold up the trunk and put the gloves in the trunk.

He wasn't the same Choynski that made them all step years ago. Last week Joe decided to give up his athletic instruction, and he has now retired from public life at the age of fifty-four.

Joe Choynski is another of those native sons from California. He was born in Hayes Valley, San Francisco, about a half-mile from Jim Corbett's home. Both were members of the famous Olympic Club of that city and learned the rudiments of boxing from the same teacher. There was a rivalry between Corbett and Choynski that started when they were about eighteen years of age, and didn't end until both met at Jeffries' camp at Rowdennan, California, where Jeffries was training to meet Jack Johnson.

Corbett and Choynski hadn't spoken for ten years or more prior to that day.

In this Olympic Club, where both young fellows worked out, they met about once a week. One wouldn't call it boxing when Joe and Jim met. The writer asked Corbett one day just how many times he fought Choynski, as the record books were a bit mixed up.

"Why, I couldn't tell you," piped Jim. "EVERY TIME WE EVER PUT THE GLOVES ON IT WAS A FIGHT, and that was once a week at least. We met publicly about five times, privately a million."

Their battle on the barge with skin-tight gloves at Benicia, California, was one of the most famous encounters of ring history. Billy Delaney pronounced it the greatest battle he ever saw. Thousands of dollars were bet on that go, and Choynski's backers paid Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, \$1,000 just to second him.

Jim Jeffries declared Choynski hit him the hardest punch he ever got in his ring career. Jeff was in the New York Journal office with the writer one night waiting for the returns of the Johnson-Martin fight. We were talking about fights and the like when he said:

"That Choynski hit me in the mouth with his right when I fought him a twenty-round draw, and the punch drove my lips between my teeth. Billy Delaney had to cut my lips away with a knife."

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TAD'S TIDBITS

Native Son Had Wallop That Was Always 'Hefty'

Choynski weighed 159 pounds that night; Jeff, 220.

Choynski fought Fitzsimmons a five-round draw in Boston and during that fight dropped Fitz to the floor with one of those famous rights.

Fitz, in talking of that blow, said: "My head was on the floor and when I tried to get up it seemed that up was down. I was trying to get up by boring my head through the floor of the ring. It was some sock!"

Choynski's punch failed him the night he tried to stop Tom Sharkey, however. He had agreed to stop the tar in eight rounds or lose out.

He punched the sailor with everything he had, but it was no use. In those days the rink posts were covered just with canvas. There was no padding. Choynski would faint Tom around the ring and whenever a star loomed up behind the tar's head Joe would sock him. Tom's chin would stop the right, then his head would hit the post.

Cut and bruised, the old deck scrubber, staved the eight rounds and gave Joe a merry time.

In 1901 Choynski blew into Galveston, Texas, to fight a new comer named Jack Johnson. Mr. Johnson will never forget it as long as he lives. Choynski hit "Lil Artha" on the chin in the third round and the lights went out. Johnson, in telling about it, says:

"There was a law against prize fighting there, but I didn't know it. All I remember is that I hit the floor and at the count of ten I saw a big sheriff with a great big badge. My jimini! I never was so happy to see a sheriff in my life. I never had anything to do with that Choynski again!"

Choynski was unfortunate in the matter of weight. He stood 5 feet 11 1/2 inches, but he usually weighed about 165 pounds or so. He was too heavy for the middleweight and too light for the heavies.

He didn't pick them, however. He took them on soft and hard, big and little, black and white. And they WERE ALL ON THE SQUARE.

Among the victims of his punch were Billy Woods, Joe McAuliffe, Denver Ed Smith, Wild Bill Hanrahan and Peter Maher.

Joe traveled to Australia early in his career, and after winning a few bouts bumped into Joe Goddard, the Barrier champion, and was knocked out twice.

His greatest ring disappointment, however, was met in New York. When Joe Walcott, the Barbadoes demon, a welterweight, knocked Choynski out in seven rounds.

Some say that Joe was a marvel of the ring, others say just fair, but they'll all say HE MADE THEM STEP.

And couldn't HE hit! HOT DOG!!

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BITING COLD NIPS 78,000 IN NEW HAVEN BOWL

By DAVIS J. WALSH.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 25.—Promptly at 12:30 o'clock this afternoon the Yale bowl slowly opened its great concrete maw and within the comparatively brief interval of ninety minutes swallowed some 78,000 human beings at a single gulp.

The gastronomic miracle in question was performed for the benefit of those attending the annual Harvard-Yale football game. To some it may seem a bit fatuous that so many people are content to sit in the biting cold of a November afternoon and watch two second-rate teams play football, but those who look at the proposition from this angle are considered morons of the most pronounced type.

One must have a college education to realize adequately that there is only one Grand Canyon, one Parthenon, one Gall Curci, one Kipling, one Kohinoor, and consequently, one Harvard-Yale football game. Regardless of what the respective teams may have done or failed in the past to do, it stands as the big moment of the collegiate year.

The day dawned so clear and chill that it is quite possible that hip pockets will show touchdowns in popularity before the end of the afternoon.

While the early arrivals of the vast army of football camp followers were making the appearance the mercury slid down the scale by several elastic degrees and today it is well below the freezing point.

It is no lower than Harvard's hopes of winning today's game, for not only has Yale been made a popular choice at 5 to 4 in the betting, but the unsound physical condition of Charley Buell has prompted Harvard men to keep their hands and their money in their pocket.

The ability of Buell to play the entire game at quarterback for Harvard depends much on the outcome. Much about this little cocky leader depends the fate or success of the Harvard "mask" attack, the element that gives a fighting chance to an otherwise puncheonless team. In addition, Buell inspires a spirit of confidence that no other man can give to Harvard football at this late date.

In one other respect does the Crimson figure to enjoy some advantage, and this is in the pushing of Gebrike over Neale, provided the latter is Tad Jones' choice to start the game.

Otherwise, Yale carries the edge. In the matter of running attack, Jordan, Neidlinger, Neale and Mallory are yards beyond Buell, Owen, Gebrike and Chapin or Hammond. In defense, the very presence of Bill Mallory, greatest defensive back in the East, leaves Harvard without reply, particularly since the Crimson has no real defending star in its backfield.

The Yale center trio of Cross, Lovejoy and Cruikshank are vastly superior to its Harvard opponents, while the tackle and end are something of a toss-up, the shade here must go to Yale also.

In other words, Harvard must be subtle and strategic to get anywhere this afternoon and we have it on the best authority that the Fisher entry is going out on the field prepared to shoot from the hip with everything it has. Such an unheard of thing as a forward pass on the opening play of the game, if Harvard has the ball, is not unexpected, according to our information.

The probable lineup:

Yale. Position. Harvard.
Luman.....L. E..... Jenkins
Miller.....L. T..... Eastman
Cruikshank.....L. G..... Kunhardt
Lovejoy.....C..... Clark
Cross.....R. G..... Hubbard
Joss.....R. T..... Dunker
Deaver.....R. E..... Holder
Neidlinger.....Q. B..... Buell
Wright.....R. H..... Owen
Jordan.....R. H. B..... Hammond
Scott.....F. B..... Gebrike

Those native sons never were known to hesitate or stop whenever they have anything at stake that will benefit their State which they love so much. Surely they must have a fifty-fifty chance with the Lone Star State.

The representatives of the Pacific Coast League, who discussed the question with Manager McGraw on Wednesday, will not renew their proposition until the first of next week. Then, of course, they will endeavor to put forth their claims for recognition of their Golden State with more forcible roses than at their first meeting.

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